

SONG.

Had I the gold to please thee
And stocks and bonds and fame,
I then might dare to woo thee,
And offer thee my name;
But since I am a poor lad,
And you a lady great,
I still must go my own way,
And learn to honor fate.

Thy lot is far above me,
In beauty's ranks to shine;
To dazzle in the shimmer
Of jewels, light and wine;
To reap the songs of poets,
To win a prince's heart,
To raise the welcome plaudits
In no ignoble part.

'Tis mine to follow labor,
From rise to set of sun;
To see the goal forever
Of no ambition won;
To look upon thee passing,
As those who dream bright dreams,
And find when they awaken
But icy fields and streams.

Farewell to idle visions,
And welcome little cot;
And let the rose of glory
Forever be forgot.
A health to those around me,
Whose hearts are plain and true,
And in the cup of plenty,
To all vain dreams adieu.

—Joris Von Linden, in Chicago Record.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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III.—CONTINUED.

Lambert looked squarely at the two men nearest him as he rapidly approached, whereupon one of them nervously tugged at the sleeve of a third. Others, after one furtive glance, pretended they did not see the coming officer and became absorbed in the game. Ten strides and he was opposite the group and not a hand had been raised in salute, not a man was "standing attention." Then he halted short, saying not a word, but the two men nearest him were looking at him, and in a shamefaced, shambling way, brought their hands up to the eyes. One of these was a corporal, and two other non-commissioned officers were among the players. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence. Then Lambert spoke—rather quietly, too, for him:

"Corporal, have these men never been taught the salute and when to use it?" A sergeant among the players slowly found his feet. Others seemed to try to sink behind their fellows. The corporal turned red, looked foolish and only mumbled inarticulately.

"What say you, sergeant?" inquired Lambert.

"Why, yes, sir," said Sergt. McBride, uncomfortably. "So far as I'm concerned, I can honestly say I did not see the lieutenant coming; but, to tell the truth, sir, we've got out of the habit of it in the company."

"Then all these men who are still seated here know they should be up and standing attention?" asked Lambert, as coolly as he could, though his blue eyes were beginning to flash. He had heard some tittering among the gamblers, two more of whom were now getting up.

"Yes, sir; at least most of them do. Only, Capt. Close don't seem to mind, and—"

"That'll do—I am waiting for you two," said Lambert. And the two who, hanging their heads, had been tittering into each other's faces, finding their time had come, slowly and awkwardly found their feet, but not the erect position of the soldier.

"So far so good," said Lambert, calmly. "Now, sergeant, explain the rest to them, as they seem to be uninstructed recruits."

There was a general titter at this. One of the two was an ex-sergeant of ten years' service—one of John Barleycorn's defeated wrestlers. His eyes snapped with wrath, but he knew the lieutenant "had the best of him."

"Don't make it necessary for me to repeat the lesson," said Lambert, before moving on; "especially you, sir." And the ex-sergeant was plainly the man indicated.

Up at the end of the row Sergt. Burns brought his broad palm down on his thigh with a whack of delight, then glanced over to see how the captain took it.

The captain was carefully counting over the "greenbacks" he had just received, and, with these in hand, turned into the dark recesses of his farther tent. The episode in front was of minor importance.

"You got a rakin' down, Riggs," laughed some of the men as the lieutenant was lost to sight beyond the wagon, while the victim of his brief reprimand glowered angrily after him. "Dam young squirt!" snarled the fellow. "I'll learn him a lesson yet."

"No, you won't, Riggs," was the quick rejoinder of McBride. "He was perfectly right, as you ought to have sense enough to know. I'm glad, for one, to see it, for this company has simply been goin' to the dogs for the last six months."

IV.

Lambert's nerves were tingling a trifle and his thoughts were not the most cheerful as he went away. That he should find his company commander a miser, a recluse, and something of a mystery, had all been foreshadowed. But that discipline should have been abandoned in "G" company was quite another thing. Farnham, the captain proper, was an officer who had held high command in the volunteers—too high, indeed, to serve with equanimity under the field officer now at the head of the regiment, who had had no war service whatever. Farnham was within a few files of promotion to majority, and therefore despised company duty. So long as his company had been stationed in the city, furnishing guards and orderlies for the various officers' headquarters there, he remained with it, and occasionally saw a portion of it on Sunday morning. Then, after two years of this demoralizing service, came

the months of detachment duty up in the interior, and Farnham's friends in court were glad to get him out of such a mire as that. Ever since June, therefore, Close had been alone with the men and they with him, and no one in authority had the faintest idea how things were going. Inspectors were also unknown in those days, and so long as reports and returns were regularly received at headquarters, and no complaints came in from the civil authorities of negligence or indifference on the part of their military backers, all went smoothly. Now, there had not been a few instances where civil and military officials had clashed, but "Capt. Close and his splendid company" had been the theme of more than one laudatory report from the marshal on the score of what he heard from his deputies. The general commanding, indeed, had been much elated by high commendation from the highest power in Washington, all due to services rendered in running down Ku Klux and breaking up moonshiners by Capt. Close, of company G,—th infantry. "It's just exactly what the old duffer's cut out for," said the adjutant general of the department; "but I'm sorry to have to see young Lambert sent into such exile."

He could hardly have been sorrier than Lambert was himself, as that young officer went briskly up the desolate road along the "branch." He had never seen a landscape so dismal in all his life. How on earth was he to employ his time? No drills, no roll calls, no duties except the sending forth of detachments at the call of this fellow Parmelee; no books except the few in his trunk; no companions except this heavy, illiterate, money-grabbing lout who did not know enough to offer him a seat or a cup of coffee after his long night ride; not a soul worth knowing nearer than Quitman—and only the inebriate Potts there! Certainly Mr. Newton Lambert felt at odds with fate this sunny December afternoon. He had tried to persuade himself that the laughable stories about Close were grossly exaggerated; but now that he had met that officer the indications were in favor of their entire truth.

It seems that Close had been on some detached service in connection with the freedmen's bureau, and had only joined his regiment late in the autumn of the memorable yellow fever year, when, had he so desired, he could have remained away. His appearance at the stricken garrison when the death rate averaged 20 a day, when the post was commanded by a lieutenant, and some of the companies by corporals, everybody else being either dead, down or convalescent—added to the halo which hung about his hitherto invisible head. There was no question as to his consummate bravery. Grant himself had stopped in the rear of his regiment and asked his name after its dash on the works at Donelson, and the unknown private was decorated with sergeant's chevrons on the spot. Before he had opportunity to learn much of his new duties, "the Johnnies jumped the picket" one night and stampeded everybody but Close, who was given up for lost until he came in two days later full of backshot and information. His colonel acted on the latter while the doctors were digging out the former, and Close got a commission as first lieutenant in a new regiment for his share of the resultant benefits. One bloody afternoon as they were scrambling back, unsuccessful, and under an awful fire, from the works at Vicksburg, the colonel was left writhing on the lead-swamp glacial with no shelter but the dead and dying around him, and Close headed the squad that rushed out and fetched him in.

epidemic prevented any "crowding" of the old fellow, though there was no little talk about the habits he was disclosing. The bachelors and "grass widowers" of the infantry and battery started a mess, but Close declined to join. He explained that he preferred to board with a French creole family a short distance away, as he "wished to learn the language." They gave a big dance Christmas week and taxed every officer ten dollars. Close had nursed Pierce through the fever, and Pierce was treasurer of the fund. Close was accounted for as "paid," both for the original ten and the subsequent assessment of five dollars that was found necessary, but it came out of Pierce's pocket, for Close begged off one and refused the other, and Pierce would not let until it was dragged out of him by direct questioning months after.

It transpired that Close went only once a day to the humble dwelling, four blocks away, where he preferred to board. He assiduously visited the kitchen of Company "G" at breakfast and dinner time to see that those meals were properly cooked and served, and there could be no question that he personally "sampled" everything they had. He wore the clothing issued to the men, until the colonel insisted on his appearing in proper uniform, and then had to rebuke him for the condition of the paper collar and frayed black bow that were attached to the neckband of his flannel shirt. He wore the soldier's shoe, and when he did so he repaired to the company office or that of the post quartermaster, and not one cent did he spend for stamps.

Indeed it became a subject of unofficial investigation whether he spent a cent for anything. He bought nothing at Finkbein's, the sutler's, where, indeed, he was held in high disfavor, his war record and fever service to the contrary notwithstanding. He never touched a card, never played billiards, and never invited anybody to drink, even when his brother officers called upon him in squads of two or three to see if he would. That he had no prejudice against the practice, then as universal in the service as it is now rare, was apparent from the fact that he never refused to take a drink when invited, yet never seemed even faintly exhilarated. "You might as well pour whisky in a knot-hole," said the sore-headed squad of youngsters that with malice prepense had spent many hours and dollars one night in the attempt to get Old Close "loaded."

his regiment. The adjutant and quartermaster were both down when Close arrived and reported for duty. In his calm, stolid, impassive way he proved useful. Indeed, at a time when men were dying or deserting by scores, when even sentry duty had to be abandoned, and when government property was being loaded up and carried away and sold in the city, it is difficult to say what losses might not have been sustained but for his tireless vigilance. He exposed himself fearlessly among the dying. He said he had had a light attack of the fever at New Iberia earlier in the season and couldn't take it again. At all events, he did not. He was probably the only officer who remained longer than a week at the stricken post and escaped.

At last came the welcome frost. Yellow Jack's conqueror, followed by new officers and recruits in plenty, and Close's occupation was gone. He had helped to bury the adjutant, but the quartermaster proved tough, and—to Close's keen disappointment, as the boys began to say with returning health, appetite, and cynicism—recovered from his desperate illness and resumed his duties. When December and the new colonel came, drills and dress uniforms were ordered, and Close got leave of absence and tried to get back to bureau duty, where they did not want him. Then he appealed to Farnham, and through him to Gen. Sherman. His wounds made him stiff and sore; he couldn't drill or parade. It transpired that he had no full uniform, and his first and only frock-coat had been let out to the last shred and was still too tight for him. Then some queer yarns began to be told. He was a quasi executor for three officers who had died intestate, and who had little to bequeath anyhow. He had nursed them in their last illness, and such items of their property as had not by medical orders been condemned and burned he had for sale. Under the regulations the major was the proper custodian of the effects of deceased officers, but the major was himself almost a victim and had been sent north to recuperate after a long and desperate struggle. On an occasion when he simply had to appear in full uniform, Close turned out in plumed felt hat, sash, and epaulettes which, when questioned, he said were the late Capt. Stone's, and so was the coat. If nobody could be found to buy them, he would, but he did not mean to buy "such truck" until it was absolutely necessary.

Respect for his fighting ability in the field and his fearless service during the



Close headed the squad that rushed out and fetched him in.

He had to go to town occasionally on board of survey or similar duty, and always sought a seat in somebody's ambulance to save the nickel for a six-mile ride in the tram car. When he had to take the car he would wait for some of the youngsters, well knowing they would pay his fare. Once when three of them "put up a job on him" by the declaration after they were well on their way, that not a man in the party had less than a five-dollar bill, he offered to change the five, but refused to lend a nickel unless they gave their word, on honor, that they were not striving to make a convenience of him.

But the "closest" figuring he had ever done was that which he carried out for several months at the expense of a certain bank. Most of the officers on getting their pay check towards the end of the month would take it to the nearest bank or broker and get it cashed. Those were easy-going days in the pay department. Many a time the impetuous subs would prevail on the major or his clerk to let them have their stipend a week before it became due, and it would be spent before it was fully earned. Close never spent a cent, that anyone could see or hear of, but he was on hand to draw it as early as any of the rest. He would take his check and vanish. The total footing up of his pay, rations, servant's allowance, "fogey," and all, was one hundred and some dollars and sixty-eight cents. They used no coin smaller than the "nickel" (five cents) in the south in those days, and it was the practice of the banks and money-changers generally to give the customer the benefit if the check called for more than half the value of the nickel, otherwise to hold it themselves. If the amount were 52 cents the customer got only 50; if it were 53 cents he was paid 55. Those officers who kept a bank account, and there were three or four, perhaps, who did so, simply deposited their check for its face value and had done with it. It was supposed that such was Close's custom; but he was wiser in his generation, as was learned later. Close took his check to the paying teller and got 100 and some dollars and 70 cents. Then he deposited this cash with the clerk at the receiving window and was two cents ahead by the transaction. When it was finally discovered and he was politely told that hereafter he would be credited only with the sum called for on the face of his check, Close got it cashed elsewhere and deposited his 70 cents regularly as before. "But what he does it for is a mystery," said the bank official who let this sizable cut out of the bag, "for he never has more than a few dollars on deposit more than a week. He checks it out through some concerns up north."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK.

A Little Joke of His Which Averted a Stormy Scene.

Americans are familiar with the stronger features of Bismarck's character as shown in his political acts, but among his own people anecdotes are told which exhibit his keen wit in repartee and love of fun, qualities for which perhaps we do not give him enough credit.

One story told by a German diplomatist is said to be authentic. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war a hasty conference was held by the German leaders to decide upon the amount of indemnity which should be expected from France. Bismarck, differing from Von Moltke, telegraphed to Berlin for a financier in whom he had unbounded confidence. The man was a Hebrew, and was, for some reason, disliked by the great Prussian general. When, therefore, he gave his opinion that the amount demanded should be so many thousand million francs, Von Moltke exclaimed impatiently:

"Absurd! It is too much!"

"I know the resources of the French people," said the financier, calmly. "They can pay it."

"It is a monstrous demand," repeated Von Moltke, angrily. "If a man had begun when the world was created to count, he would not have reached that sum now."

"And that is the reason," interrupted Bismarck quickly, his eye twinkling, "that I got a man who counts—from Moses!"

Von Moltke and the Hebrew tried to look grave, but both laughed, and the storm was averted.

The sequel to the anecdote has a deeper meaning. The financier, when he received the summons to the conference, was undergoing treatment for some affection of the eyes which required confinement in a dark chamber. His oculist warned him that if he obeyed the summons, the exposure and delay in treatment would almost inevitably result in loss of sight.

He was silent a moment, and then said: "I think that I am needed. I have no right to consider my sight. I will go."

He went, and the results which the oculist had feared ensued. He became blind for life.

Von Moltke, when the story was told him, said briefly: "I wronged the man. He has served his country as truly as any soldier on the field."—Youth's Companion.

Remarkable Names.

Did you ever stop to think that there is anything remarkable in a name of 13 letters, where they compose both the given and the surname? Note the following remarkable list: Lucius Domitius Nero, Nicholas Copernicus, William Shakespeare, Emanuel Swedenborg, Napoleon Bonaparte, and James Abraham Garfield. By spelling the name of the discoverer of America as the Italians do, Colombo, it with the Christopher, makes another name of 13 letters. The above seven, each with 13-letter names, are among the best-known persons of history.—St. Louis Republic.

—In the dominions of the British empire alone some 8,000 individuals vanish every year without leaving any trace.

HER PRESENCE OF MIND.

She Could Point to Her Camera to Prove It.

Mr. Torkins is fortunate in having been able to educate his wife to an appreciation of the pleasures which he enjoys. As an ardent devotee of the camera he has inspired her with the same artistic enthusiasm which he feels when he has secured an especially beautiful or artistic picture.

"It is too bad for us to miss all the skating," he remarked. "We are not so old as to deny ourselves one of the greatest enjoyments that the season affords."

"I don't know how to skate," was the answer. "But don't let that make any difference to you."

"I shouldn't think of leaving you behind," he rejoined gallantly. "It's not a matter of any importance, and we'll not say any more about it."

"That would make me feel very bad. Now, we can go to the pond before sunset. I'll dress myself warmly and go with you and look on. I shall be very much entertained in watching you."

"That's so. Maybe I'll fall down for you. That'll be sure to amuse you."

"Besides," she went on, never heeding the sarcasm, "I can take the camera with me and be on the lookout for something new to photograph."

They set out, and in a short time he was lightly skimming over the ice, while his wife stood admiring the grace with which he moved. They had sought a less frequented part of the pond, and there was no one to warn him that he was approaching a spot of danger. There was a crackle, then a crash, and in a moment only a jagged hole in the ice gave evidence of Mr. Torkins' whereabouts. Some men who had heard him cry as he went down came hurrying to the rescue, and it was not long before he was at home.

"I must say," he remarked, when he was beginning to feel comfortable once more, "that women haven't much presence of mind."

"I hope," his wife answered, "that you don't intend that remark to apply to me."

"I certainly do."

"But what ground can you find for such an assertion, Charley? This afternoon—"

"Yes; this afternoon is what I have reference to. You never thought of getting a board and shoving it out to me, or any of those things that you read about as being proper in case of accident. So far as I can remember, you didn't even call for help."

"Charley, I have always heard that men find fault when they are not well. I suppose I ought to make allowances, but I can't help feeling hurt when you say that I lacked presence of mind. If there is anything I did have it was that. I may not have done just what you expected. But—" and she gave an affectionate glance at the camera on the mantelpiece, "I got a splendid snapshot at you just as you were going under water."—Washington Star.

A DISASTROUS EXPERIMENT.

She Was Only Trying to Economize by Doing Her Own Painting.

She is a young housewife trying to be economical, and proudly announced the other day that she was painting her own furniture and fixtures this spring. "I should judge so," sniffed her husband, for the air was filled with the odor of turpentine that seemed to become an ingredient of the food. "I knew it when I turned the corner coming home. I'd have such work done away from the house, even if we had to save a few dollars when it comes to buying an Easter bonnet."

"It strikes me that you preach economy and want to practice extravagance. My work looks beautiful, and all it cost you was the paint. I really felt happy in the thought that you would show some appreciation, but I suppose I must content myself with the approval of my own conscience."

Just as they were about ready to start for a party that evening the wife let out a piercing shriek. She had thoughtlessly sat down on the edge of the bathtub for a second, but it was long enough to daub a whole section of her elegant gown! In his haste to reach her the husband fell over a rocker, streaking and stripping his dress suit with white paint. The pale-faced maid came running, and when she saw that no one was killed, threw herself into a chair that stuck to her with all the tenacity of fresh varnish. The coachman at the front door thought it a matter of life and death. He sprang from his seat, gathered paint all along the route, and went back to see the team galloping wildly past a distant electric light, while the carriage swung from one side of the street to the other.

They did not go to the party. The wife burnt a collection of cheap brushes and threw a can of paint into the alley. The husband piled furniture into a back shed with the vim of a baggage smasher, and made a contract with a painter by telephone. The maid gave notice, and the coachman is supposed to have headed for his former home in England.—Detroit Free Press.

Cooking Parsnips.

The parsnip is a vegetable which is very welcome when it is dug up out of its spring bed, having acquired richness and sweetness from its burial beneath the snows. The small roots are usually tender throughout, but in large roots the wood core should be removed. This vegetable is frequently overlooked. Simmer slices of tender spring parsnips about 20 minutes; turn off the water and cover them with a cream sauce made of the proportion of an even tablespoonful of butter melted and mixed with a heaping teaspoonful of flour and two cups of milk. Let the parsnips simmer in this sauce very slowly until of melting tenderness. Season the sauce with salt and pepper before putting them in it. If any of the parsnips are left after the first service, drain them out of the sauce the next day and dip them into sifted bread crumbs and fry them in very hot fat.—N. Y. Tribune.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Bagger, the professional baseball player, has married an heiress. "Ah! Good catch!"—Philadelphia North American.

—Greeble—"Is that your baby?" Crawford—"No, sir; the possession is on the other side. He is not my baby; I'm his father."—Boston Transcript.

—"That actress seems absorbed in her role of 'Lady Macbeth.'" "Yes; her manager has to make her carry an alarm clock in the sleep-walking scene."—Chicago Record.

—Plump.—Mr. Stoneybroke (with mock pathos)—"Would you really rob me of my only daughter, Mr. Oldrich?" Mr. Oldrich—"It's no robbery, sir; you're selling her to me!"—Fun.

—A Choice of Evils.—"Why do you buy your daughter a new wheel every year?" "It keeps her from wanting to paint velvet lambrequins for the drawing-room mantels."—Chicago Record.

—Shortly after her marriage a Scotch servant, on being asked by her former mistress how she was getting on, replied: "I'm going on fine, mem; but, oh, I canna bide the man!"—Tit-Bits.

—Elucidation.—"Pa, what does Prof. Drummond mean when he says: 'Hold things in their proportion?'" "He means, my boy, when you pay for a dollar table d'hôte don't fill up on soup."—Truth.

—A policeman was asked by a coroner whether he had taken any steps by way of attempt to resuscitate a man on whom an inquest was being held. "Yes," said the constable, "I searched his pockets."—Household Words.

CARNIVAL NOVELTIES IN PARIS.

Toy Guns for Throwing Confetti and "Serpentines."

The pretty carnival and Mi-Careme custom of throwing confetti upon the heads of masqueraders afoot, in carriages and in the overhanging balconies of fine residences has worked its way from Italy and southern France up to Paris, and this year two or three novelties were seen at the French capital, which rendered easier the work of carrying on this amiable warfare. Hitherto it has been found a tiresome exercise to throw many handfuls of confetti, especially to a height of 12 or 15 feet. And it is difficult for anyone but an expert to deliver this shower of pellets exactly where he wishes. In consequence there is apt to be an exceedingly wasteful use of ammunition. On the following day one may find the boulevards covered with confetti to the depth of an inch or more in places.

This year a number of people were provided with a spring gun, which bore the appearance of an innocent bamboo cane. A properly prepared cartridge, containing colored confetti, could be inserted in this gun on the sly. The charge was rammed down with a rod which forced a spring. Then the bearer of the weapon awaited his opportunity. When the queen of hearts or some other charming creature approached in her carriage he would aim at a point above her head, press a trigger, and lo! a rain of rubies, emeralds and sapphires would descend upon her and her suite. So accurately could the fusillade be directed there was no escape.

A modification of this device was an imitation of a champagne bottle, for use at the family table or in restaurants where small parties were celebrating. The company is in a frolicsome humor. The host removes the fastenings of the cork. The stopper is loosened. The froth is about to spurt forth, wine glasses are in readiness for filling. Then, to the surprise of all, except those who are in the secret, like a sheaf of rockets up fly the confetti! This discharge, as well as that from the cane, is controlled by a concealed spring.

Of late a little colored ribbon, known as a "serpentine," has been much used. It is thrown up into the air as a projectile and often becomes entangled in the branches of the trees along the boulevards. But when thrown from the hand it does not go very far, and it is more likely to miss than to hit the human target at which it is aimed. But this year the "spirobole" has been introduced to aid one in managing these ribbons. The spirobole looks something like a crossbow without a bow—that is, it is a light wooden gun, with a long groove like that in which an arrow lies in a real crossbow. There is a stout rubber band which is pulled back and caught on a trigger. A roll of ribbon is now laid where the notched end of the arrow belongs. One end of the strip is made fast to the weapon and does not move. The trigger being pressed, the rubber contracts like a bow string, and away into space flies the roll, unwinding as it goes. A serpentine 100 feet long may thus be sent flying at a mark with great accuracy and in the twinkling of an eye. A French contemporary observes that the effect of this form of attack is "tres joli."—Y. Tribune.

Armless People Envy It.

The most wonderful creature in the world is the triton. This spotted, lizard-like reptile, which is found in almost every part of America, has a most wonderful power of reproducing amputated parts. The triton is cruelly ill used by experimentalists, but its powers of reproduction are almost unlimited. In one instance an amputated leg was reproduced 12 times in three years, and in another an eye was reproduced in less than 12 months. The loss of a tail does not appear to discommodate these reptiles, except to give them a sort of unbalanced gait. Tails amputated by scientists were invariably reproduced in from two to nine weeks.—Golden Days.

Easily Diagnosed.

Physician (at door of lunatic asylum)—"I have brought you an insane patient, whom you will find perfectly harmless when among adults, but he is seized with murderous frenzy in the presence of children."

Superintendent.—Poor fellow! I presume he has lived alongside of a public school.—N. Y. Weekly.